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## "LITTLE SNOW-SHOES."

No Canadian boy or girl needs to be told the use of snow-shoes. Without them, and his toboggan, the Indian would have been very badly off indeed. He did not till the ground and raise his food as white men do, but depended almost altogether upon hunting and fishing. Hunting in summer was a comparatively simple matter, the ground was firm under his feet and when he had killed an animal he sent his squaw to bring it home while he lay and smoked before the camp fire with his companions, and rested from his labors, and waited for her to come back and cook his supper. But in winter it was vastly different. Field and forest were covered with snow—and as he pursued his game his feet sunk at every step and he found progress almost impossible. It must have been this that led; away back in prehistoric ages, to the invention of the snow-shoe. With these, and his toboggan, on which to carry his stuff he could traverse with comparative ease the miles of deep trackless snow that lay between his hunting-grounds and the trading post, dispose of his furs, and go back with the blankets, knives, tobacco and "fire-water" for which he had bartered them.

White men, too, when they first came to the continent quickly saw their value and used them in all their winter travels. The opening up of roads through the country has greatly diminished the need for their use, but they still take a prominent part in the sports for which our Canadian winters are noted. One of the grandest sights of our famous Carnival in Montreal last January, to which people flocked from all parts of the country, was the torchlight procession of snow-shoers, which started from the ice palace on Dominion Square and wound its way up the face of the mountain, shining through the darkness of the night like a gigantic fiery serpent. Young and old delight in the sport, and one of the happiest moments of a boy's life after he has attained to the dignity of his first pair of trowsers pockets is when he finds himself possessed of a complete snow-shoer's outfit, tuque, blanket coat, sash, moccasins and snow-shoes. The accompanying picture, which all will recognize as a remarkably good one, is from life, and is the portrait of a little Montreal boy.

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BEAR the cross! Far heavier is self.—*Fenelon.*

## THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

A strong interest has been directed for two hundred years towards a man with an unknown name, who lived in the reign of the magnificent, but dissolute monarch, Louis XIV. of France.

About 1662, a State prisoner, tall and well proportioned, of noble bearing, was secretly conveyed to Pignerol, and consigned to the guardianship of Saint Mars, governor of the castle. Six years later he was transferred to the Isle of Marguerite, in the Mediterranean. Saint Mars accompanied him and watched him with unceasing vigilance. He ate and slept in his room, and allowed him no chance for escape, or communication with any one. It is evident the prisoner's birth and rank were high, for the attendants treated him with the utmost deference. His accomplishments were many and varied, and he enjoyed books and music; but the extraordinary doom of this illustrious personage was, that he was never seen without a black velvet mask worn over his face which completely concealed every feature. At a little distance it resembled a mask of iron, and was so constructed with steel springs at the back of the head that it could not be removed, while it left him at perfect liberty to eat and drink. Shut out from his fellowmen, it is not surprising he should seek to invent some way of conveying to his friends knowledge of his dreadful existence. Food was carried to him in dishes of silver, and once he contrived to scratch on a silver plate a short account of his imprisonment. This he threw into the water, hoping it would attract the eyes of some men in a boat who were pulling for the shore. They saw it and picked it up, but were unable to read what was written upon it and took the plate to Saint Mars. The result was, the unfortunate man was held in severer confinemen than ever.

In 1690 Saint Mars was appointed governor of the Bastile. Secretly his prisoner was conveyed on a litter to this place, and a well-furnished room was provided for him. Again he attempted to make the discovery of his name, which he wrote on a strip of linen and gave to one of his attendants, not in possession of the secret, but this person died suddenly, it was supposed by poison.

At one time, some prisoners confined over him, made him long to enjoy a little social pleasure which had been so many years denied him. By stealth he conversed with them, and they found him to be a man of extended learning, but he told them the revelation of his name and rank would be the means of death to both him and them.

Saint Mars was always provided with weapons with which to end his life should he attempt to escape, or succeed in disclosing his secret. No wonder he was vigilantly guarded, for the penalty of discovery would have cost Saint Mars his life. When this masked man attended mass, a detachment of soldiers followed him, and he would have been instantly shot had he uncovered his face or told any one his name.

Thirteen years went drearily by during which time the illustrious unknown man of the Bastile still lived, yet was dead to the outside world. Books and music were his only pleasure. Once in a while a glimpse was gained of him, and curiosity was excited towards him and whisperings as to who he was went from circle to circle, but availed nothing. No one could tell.

In 1703 death came mercifully to release him. His medical attendant never saw his face, but

(Continued on eighth page.)

AUBURT GALLION QUE

## Temperance Department.

### THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

*(From the Temperance Mirror.)*

"It's got too late for Ted to go to school this afternoon ain't it, *mammy?*"

The woman addressed stopped the whirl of her sewing machine for a moment, to look up at the clock.

"Yes, he won't have had his dinner in time. I can't think what he is staying out so late for—he is generally so quick in going an errand."

The whirring began again, but the little girl was not satisfied.

"Mammy," she said, going to her side, "may I go down and meet Teddy?"

Again was the work suspended, and the patient mother looked down sadly on her little one.

"No, Aggie darling—don't you know that it is very damp to-day? And you wouldn't like to get a bad cold for Christmas would you?"

"But I haven't been out for ever so many days! Shall I get some new boots for Christmas, mammy?"

"We shall see, dear."

Unsatisfactory reply, and poor little Aggie went back to the window rather gloomily. Her face grew brighter, however, as a step bounded up the long flight of stairs to their door, and a boy about twelve years of age ran in.

"Mammy!" he cried, "mammy, I've got a place!"

"Teddy!"

Eagerly the boy went on, explaining how he was to go to the grocer's shop down in the village as errand boy, dwelling on the advantages it would afford him—delighted at the opportunity of earning some money; but to his surprise his mother checked him.

"Ted, dear, I'm so sorry you've set your heart upon it."

"Mother! why, it 'ud be so nice for us all!"

"Anywhere but there, Ted. We'll try to get you a place somewhere else, but not there."

"Why not, mother?"

"Because Mr. Bayter is not a good man—I shouldn't like you to have anything to do with him."

And all Teddy's expostulation and persuasions were in vain, for his mother remained firm to her resolve. It was no light matter for the offer to be refused, for Mrs. Damin was a widow, and had herself and her two children to keep on the money she gained by plain needlework. Their home was two small rooms at the top of the comfortable house which they had once occupied wholly.

Teddy was already a fair scholar, and he was longing to be at work, but his mother could not reconcile herself to the idea of his going to the place which had been offered him. Mr. Bayter was a gay kind of man, and rather a favorite with the children, but Mrs. Damin knew that he was not of a good character. He was far too fond of the intoxicating cup, and all worldly pleasure—and not for [illegible] would [illegible] have her son taught to [illegible]ate his example. Although not a professed abstainer, she had never allowed her children to taste intoxicating drink, for she had seen a good deal of trouble through it.

So she stood firm for more [illegible] a fortnight, but then the offer was [illegible]d, with more advantageous terms, [illegible]s being a busy season, and Ted being [illegible] a favorite with Mr. Bayter.

"You might let me go, mother," pleaded Ted, half crying with his eagerness, "you know I've got to leave school at Christmas and a week won't make much difference. Then poor little Aggie hasn't got her shoes yet, and if you aren't able to get them, she'll have to be indoors all Christmas, O mammy, you must let me go!"

Then, for the first time, his mother began to waver. Things were going badly with her. The short days necessitated so much more expense, and less work—and Mrs. Damin began like her son, to think that it would be wrong to despise such an offer. For, after all, it did not follow that because Mr. Bayter liked drink, her son would learn to like it too, nor that he would contract any other pernicious habit, such as smoking and swearing.

So, after a short demur, Mrs. Damin reluctantly yielded—and Ted ran off triumphant.

Christmas Eve came, and found Mrs. Damin at work as usual in her little room, where things did not look very cheerful, for the fire was small, and little Aggie was sitting close beside it, with a doleful face trying hard not to cry. Her new boots were not bought yet, for the household expenses had taken all the money, and through a violent cold, Mrs. Damin had been unable to work for more than a week.

Aggie was a brave child, and she knew it would pain her mother to see her cry, so she kept back her tears. She was sitting up for Teddy, but it got late and her head nodded drowsily, when at last his step was heard. He was in high spirits, and his cheeks and his eyes were very bright. He ran over and kissed his little sister, and then sat down to take some supper, for which he did not stay at his master's. His mother stopped her work presently, and going up to him, laid her hand fondly on his shoulder, but as he turned up his face to speak to her, she started back.

"Teddy, have you taken any intoxicating drink to-day?"

The boy's eyes dropped, but the question could not be evaded.

"Only a little, mother. We were so busy, and I was so very hot and thirsty, and Mr. Bayter said it wouldn't do for me to drink water. I only had just one little glassful—and I promise you, mother, I'll never take any again!"

The boy spoke earnestly, and his mother was fain to believe him, and to quiet her apprehensions with this assurance.

"Why, Aggie, what's the matter?" Teddy asked, as his little sister fairly broke down in something she was saying about the morrow. "Oh, is it your shoes? Don't cry about that, sissie—we won't have a dull Christmas."

"You won't, but I shall!" sobbed the child "now it's rained again, I shan't be able to go out—not even to church."

"Oh, we'll manage it somehow," answered her brother cheerfully, "you shall go to church even if I carry you on my back."

But though Aggie couldn't help laughing at the promise of such a novel ride to church she went to bed with rather a sorrowful heart. She was awakened the next morning by her brother's voice.

"Aggie, get up—it's a glorious day!"

Aggie sprang out of bed, forgetting her troubles, and was already nearly dressed when Teddy ran in, crying out "O Aggie, hurry up, you can't think what old Santa Claus has brought for you!"

Agnes ran out into the other room at once. There hung her little stocking by the chimney place—bulging out with a few trifling articles, but oh! there was something else too,—a pair of new boots.

"You see," Ted said, as he watched her delight with no less joy—"the stocking wasn't quite big enough to hold 'em, so Mr. Santa Claus—just took the trouble to tie 'em on outside."

Agnes laughed—for she was old enough to have found out all the secrets of Santa Claus—and how she hugged and kissed her mother and brother, and what a happy day they had, in spite of their poverty, and how proud Mrs. Damin was of her boy—almost forgetting the shade of apprehension which his yesterday's "one little glass" had called up in her mind.

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"Mother do go to bed, and let me sit up for Ted!" Thus pleaded Agnes Damin, now a tall girl of fifteen years, as she looked up for a moment from the fine needlework over which she bent. But the worn, weary woman who rocked herself backward and forward by the fireside, shook her head.

"No, no, my child! you go to bed. You need rest—I don't feel as though I can ever get any rest again, unless my boy is saved. O Ted! and to think it was all my own fault!"

Agnes bent lower over her work—she knew how useless any attempt would be to minister to that grief.

They were sitting in a small room in a town home, whither they had removed in order to get more work. Ted was a shopman now, or professed to be, for he had more than once been for weeks out of employment, dependent on the earnings of his mother and sister. For Ted, the loving son and brother of childhood, the manly boy—had grown up into a wild, reckless young fellow now, and was squandering the days of his youth, and breaking his mother's heart.

"Agnes," said her mother suddenly—"do you remember it was eight years ago when Ted first went to Mr. Bayter's? Eight years ago to-night he bought you those boots. He was a good boy then—I was afraid for him, but oh! I never thought he would turn out so wild as this!"

A flood of tears burst forth, and the two wept together.

Ted's downfall had been rapid. Mr. Bayter's example and influence soon told upon him; he began to love the intoxicating cup, and to think it manly to smoke and swear. And to conceal these habits from his mother and sister, he was obliged to resort to a system of petty deceit—and having once swerved from the habit of truth, it was easy to concoct his plans of deception—and, encouraged by his master, Ted fell, step by step. Not until it was too late did Mrs. Damin perceive that her fears were verified. She hastened to remove Ted—though with some difficulty, and great reluctance on his part—from the stores, but it was too late; the evil habits were acquired, and though, for a little time after their removal to the town he gave promise of being steadier, he soon fell in with gay companions, and grew worse and worse.

On this Christmas Eve they were expecting him home from his work, where he had expected to be detained till late—but as the hour of nine had passed, and he had not come, they concluded that he had gone straight away to some of his usual resorts, and Agnes was anticipating wearily the sad watch till the morning hours, which she was determined to share with her mother. Soon, however, they heard his step, and Agnes dried her tears, and rose to wait on him.

His swaggering air, and loose style of conversation told their own story, and he had taken enough intoxicants to render him irritable and unreasonable.

Agnes bore his fault findings submissively for she still dearly loved this erring brother—but alas! there was none of the tender affection and brotherly chivalry which had marked his conduct toward her eight years before.

It was dreadful to hear the oath with which he hailed some trifling mistake of hers. Then, for the first time, the girl lifted her head, and ventured a remonstrance—a moment later, his hand descended in a heavy blow, and for the first time, he had struck his sister.

What a scene for a mother's eye to rest upon—and on Christmas Eve!

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Again it was Christmas Eve, and Agnes and her mother sat together in the same room. Agnes was now a slender girl of twenty, but the quiet sadness of her manner was painful to see in one so young, and the shadow on her pale face told of anxiety and care. Her mother's face wore a look of premature age, and hopeless grief—for to them this festive night brought sad and bitter memories.

"No, I don't think he'll ever come back now," Agnes said sadly. "Oh mother, only think, it is five years ago to-night since he slept here! Oh if we only knew where he is, and what he is doing, it wouldn't be quite so hard.

So Ted had gone—and the two who loved him still worked, and waited, sorrowing for the wandering one, not daring to hope for his return. On that Christmas Eve when we last saw him—when he dealt the blow that was remembered still, though long since forgiven—he left his home; the next tidings they heard were that he had been arrested for assaulting a policeman. They hoped that this might prove a warning to him, and that on his release from prison he would be induced to give up the drink and reform his ways; but alas! though contrition did touch the young man's heart—though in those days of enforced abstinence his better nature did assert itself, and he resolved to "be a man," and fight against this foe, and regain his respectable position—it needed but a few steps from the prison-door—and the tempter appeared again. A so-called "friend" met him in the street—and shouting with joy at seeing him out again, invited him to "take a glass." Ted hesitated for a moment, but there were a few taunts, and he was conquered; his resolutions were shattered, his every prospect of reform blighted—and those two watched and waited for the one who never came. Somehow, Ted couldn't bear to go home—his situation was lost, and nothing but ruin seemed before him. And then, that fatal appetite, again revived, seem to overpower him and he was again led into crime—that of theft. This time he managed to escape, and fled with an accomplice to the thickest part of the great City, where his life was dragged out in misery and drunkenness, as untold numbers are, even now.

And on this Christmas Eve, that anniversary of the day when the deadly seed was planted—that "one little glass,"—his heart-broken mother, and toil-worn prematurely grave sister, almost relinquished the last hope of seeing him again.

"Oh Agnes," Mrs. Damin moaned, as she raised her tear-stained face, "I feel as though I couldn't die without seeing my boy again. Only two—and yet one has been ruined through my want of firmness! My poor children!"

"Hush!" And Agnes's pale face flushed—there had come one feeble rap, and she moved toward the door. Some one else, however was crossing the little hall to open it and uttered such an exclamation of surprise that it brought most of the people out of the house around him—but first were Agnes and her mother.

There across the threshold was stretched a man's form—a man haggard and emaciated with a few tattered rags hanging upon him, and a face scarred and bloated—telling its own sad story. He had fallen down unconscious, and did not heed the wild cry which rang out into the street, and startled the passengers.

"Oh Ted, my son, my son!"

Yes, it was he—the wanderer. Tenderly they took him up, and carried him to the bed which had been kept awaiting him, by the toil of his dear ones, and then the sympathizing neighbors left him to the care of the loving ones—and before long their care was rewarded by seeing him returning to consciousness. He was too weak and ill to tell them the mournful story of his life—but they guessed it only too well. And drink and want had done their work, and it was not for many weeks that they had to toil for their lost and found one. There was a short time of bitter mourning and deep suffering, hopeless repentance for a wasted life—and then that life was ended.

Twenty-five short years, blasted and rendered worse than useless by the direful foe—and one more death was added to the thousands killed by drink—two more mourners were left to bewail the fate of their dear one, and to curse the demon who was his death.

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### "THE WORST SIN."

Says Father Burke, of the Roman Catholic Church:

"When God made us He gave us soul and body together, in all the activity of their powers. The man that annihilates his own soul for a single instant by drunkenness commits an outrage against the God that has made him, against the Author of his nature.

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THERE IS A STORY told of a lively old lady whose intemperate husband had numberless times promised reform. He fell, as she had predicted, into an open well, one dark night, and screaming lustily for help, at last delightedly saw rescue in the glimmer of his lady's cap frill over the windlass. She demanded, and he hastened to give, a new promise of reform, whereupon she let down a bucket and drew him his length out of the water, who, unfortunately, the handle slipped from her grasp, and he was replunged into the water. At a second attempt she lifted him higher, but the handle again slipped. A third time, when he was still higher, it slipped. The abject victim cried out desperately. "Now, old lady, you're doin' that on purpose." to which she frankly and ingenuously replied, "Well, now, old man, I am. 'Twouldn't do for ye to 'come out sudden, but by degrees, ye know.'" 'Tis said that, recognizing his own phrases, and deploring the same, out of the depths the water-soaked man voluntarily made a promise which he kept after being drawn out.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

The Christmas season is fast approaching, when among the many nice things considered by the children, and by some of the grown people also, almost indispensable, candies take a prominent place. The child is yet to be discovered who does not love sweets, and in this respect many people never outgrow their childhood. For dressing the Christmas tree, nothing can be prettier or more attractive in the children's eyes than dainty bags and baskets filled with the glistening sweets.

Many know how acceptable at any time is a box, plain or fancy, full of delicious French confections. Those of us, however, who at Christmas time have many to remember and a somewhat limited purse, cannot always indulge in such expensive luxuries. On the other hand, many *with the money* are too far from the city to gratify their tastes in this respect. Now I would like to place it in the power of all the ladies to command at any time an array of toothsome dainties, pure, delicious and inexpensive.

Almost every mamma or older sister has at some time made molasses candy or sugar *taffy*, and found it more trouble than pleasure as scorched cheeks and blistered hands will testify, to say nothing of the disappointment which follows upon a discovery of the *taffy* next day in a moist uninviting state, unfit to offer to any one. I speak feelingly as I have been through all the horrors of home candy making, and at one time gave up the undertaking in despair, but experience is a great teacher, and I am now able after much patience and perseverance, to make French candies, which are "things of beauty," and "a joy" as long as they last. Any one who is willing to devote a *little* time and patience to the matter, can do the same with little trouble and comparatively small expense.

It is by careful attention to *little things* that success is secured, and I will first mention minor details, the close observance of which, I feel, has insured my own success. First, always use a porcelain-lined saucepan, new if possible, and kept solely for boiling sugar. Second, never put in the flavoring, while the sugar is hot. As it is more delicate if not cooked. Third, stir constantly with a silver spoon, but never with wooden, iron or pewter spoons. Fourth, never put butter or flour on the hands when making up cream candy, and never put *butter into* the candy itself. These small matters disposed of we come to the receipt for the cream.

Take two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of cold water, one and one half tablespoonfuls of powdered arrowroot. Dissolve the arrowroot in the cold water and pour it upon the sugar. Boil *from* ten to twenty minutes, stirring all the time. Just here is the most difficult and trying part of the undertaking. It is impossible to give an infallible rule for *boiling the* sugar as the time varies with every experiment. Anywhere from ten to twenty minutes is the usual rule, and only patience and experience will tell you when *it is* cooked just enough, neither half a minute too little nor half a minute too much, but just right. At first, I depended on the clock, boiling the sugar from five to *eight* minutes as directed. The consequence was a failure nearly every time. Now I allow the sugar to boil until the syrup thickens, and drops heavily from the spoon. This result should arrive at from eight to twelve minutes. When the syrup reaches this stage, take the saucepan from the fire and set it in cold water. Beat the contents with a spoon to a smooth white cream. Before the cream becomes too cold, add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Take the cream, a little at a time in the palm of the hand, and mould it into any desired shape. It should be about the consistency of putty and work easily. If it becomes dry and crumbles, it is cooked too much. In this case, add a little water and boil again. If th syrup will not cream, *cook* it a little more. When you succeed in making this cream nicely you will possess the great secret of candy making, for this is the famous French cream which, differently colored and flavored, forms the foundation of all French candies.

Now, we will suppose you have the cream ready. For chocolate creams, roll *into* little cones the size of a thimble, and set them away to harden. Take a cake of Baker's chocolate, scrape *fine*, and put into a china bowl. Set this in the top of a kettle of boiling water, and leave until the steam melts the chocolate into a thick black syrup. Add one and one *half* tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, and beat smooth. Grease a piece of thick brown paper sparingly with butter. It is better to wash the salt from the butter first. Take *the* bowl of chocolate from the fire, drop the balls into it, one at time, take out with a fork and place upon the greased paper till cold and stiff.

Another recipe is for raspberry cream. The pure fruit juice which you can buy at twenty cents an ounce will both color and flavor this.

*Recipe.*—Take two cups of granulated sugar, pour the ounce of raspberry juice into a cup and fill up with cold water. Dissolve the arrowroot in this, and proceed as in making the white cream, leaving out the vanilla. When ready to mould this cream *is a delicate pink color.* Roll into any shape you fancy, and drop into granulated sugar.

Cream walnuts are made as follows: Take fresh English walnuts, and secure the kernels whole. Make the white cream, mould into flat cakes, press half a kernel into one side, half into the other side, and drop into granulated sugar.

These candies are better when two or three days old, and are very nice with almonds, dates, figs, raisins, filberts, etc. Any one with a little taste and *ingenuity* can go on from these hints and vary her productions according to fancy.—*Household.*

## IMAGINATION AND PAIN.

It is a fact that strong mental emotion may cause physical pain to disappear. A gentleman had five of his ribs broken by a railway accident. Yet he disentangled himself from the crushed car and lifted out his wife, a heavy woman. Not until he had laid her on the side of the road did he feel the pain which caused him to realize that he had been injured.

A little boy, whose leg was badly broken by the same accident, crept through a broken window. Not until he tried to walk, did he find that he could not stand, for his leg was "limp like a doll's."

It is also true that mental emotion may cause physical pain. The following incident illustrates this fact:

One morning a butcher was brought into a druggist's, pale from pain. While trying to hook up a heavy piece of meat above his head, it slipped, and the sharp hook penetrated his arm, so that he himself was suspended. The druggist examined him. He was almost pulseless, and his arm could not be moved without causing acute agony. While the sleeve of his jacket was being cut off, he frequently cried out. When the arm was exposed, it was found unmarked by even a scratch. The hook had only entered the sleeve of the jacket! Yet the man's sensation of pain was as real as if the hook had ripped up the flesh of his arm. The brain had received a false but a real impression, and the nerves resounded to it by producing pain.—*Youth's Companion.*

## GENUINE ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

1½ lbs. suet, 1½ lbs. raisins *(after they* are stoned), 1½ lbs. currants, 2 apples, ¼ lb. mixed candied peel, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, the grated rind of an orange, ¾ lbs. flour 3½ lbs. bread crumbs 12 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 12 eggs, and ½ pint milk.

Chop the suet until it is as fine as flour, also chop the apples fine. Grate off the yellow rind of the lemons and orange and strain the juice of the lemons. Mix all the dry ingredients well together. Break the twelve eggs into a large bowl and *beat them* for twenty minutes. Then add the milk. Stir this, with the lemon juice, into the other ingredients and beat all thoroughly. Put, in either a mould or cloth and *boil from* twelve to fourteen hours. This pudding if not frozen will keep good for months. If more convenient for the housekeeper the pudding may be made several weeks before Christmas, boiled for half of the required time, then hung without removing it from the cloth in a cool, dry place and kept until six or seven hours before the Christmas dinner is served when it may be put on again in boiling water, and boiled until done. Before serving stick it all over with strips of blanched almonds. Half this quantity will do for a small family.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.—By all means keep the little folks warmly dressed. They should wear flannel next the skin nine months in the year and if kept on during the other three it would do much to prevent convulsions, bowel complaints and other diseases incident to childhood. With flannel from chin to toe, thick stockings and thick, broad soled, low heeled shoes it will not make so much difference about the outer clothing, and if they happen to wander into the fresh air without their socks and hats don't be worried. The weight of all garments should be suspended in some way from the shoulders and the elastic must never be fastened around the leg below the knee. Many large veins centre there and the constant pressure of the elastic induces a sluggish flow of the blood and causes diminution of the calf and is always productive of cold feet and headaches. When the little girls go out in winter give them something to wear besides a muff and boa. They want overshoes, leggings, a thick cloak, mittens, and a hood that will cover the head. The neck should not be unduly exposed but it is liable to produce inflammation if it is wrapped more warmly than the extremities.—*The Household.*

I WAS greatly troubled, by the snow crowding in the tops of my little boy's boots wetting legs and feet, and the necessary changing and drying that followed. Last winter a suggestion was made to me which I adopted, and it proved such a success that the wonder is that I have not before written about it. Take a piece of thick woollen cloth, like the pants if you have it, about six inches wide, and as long as the rubber boot is around the top. Sew the two ends together, then sew one edge firmly around the top of the boot. The other and upper edge is to be hemmed down over an elastic braid long enough to go round the leg above the knee, and it is complete. When the boot is put on, draw the cloth up over the short pants which will prove effectual in keeping out the snow.—*Newton in Household.*

A BARREL CHAIR.—Take a good substantial barrel, saw it about half way, and about a *foot up from the bottom*, leaving staves enough to form a good back to the chair. Nail or tack on a seat. Cover all over with coarse matting. I used coffee sacks. Fill a cushion for the back and seat with horse hair. Thin shavings are just as good, so is paper cut in strips. Fasten on your cushion with tacks. Cover the chair all over from the seat down with a wide ruffle. I used an old green worsted dress. It was a bright moss green, and I used tacks to fasten the cover on the chair, with thick pieces of red cloth to keep the tacks from going through the covering. Now fasten on the back a pretty tidy and you will have a very pretty easy chair for a bed-room, and a comfortable one to rest in while you read.

FROSTING FOR CAKE THAT WILL NOT CRACK.—The white of one egg, six heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of flavoring. Put a tablespoonful of the sugar upon the white of the egg, and begin to whip it either with a fork or an egg beater. In three minutes add another spoonful; and presently another, until the sugar is used up. Then add the flavoring, and whip until the frosting stands up stiff, and can be cut with a knife.

FOAMING SAUCE.—Beat one cup of sugar with one-half pound of butter until light and creamy, add the well beaten yolk of an egg, then the stiff beaten white, and beat vigorously, stir into a wine glass of water and flavor very gently, and set the bowl over the teakettle until it thickens a little, but do not let it over-heat or boil.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Wash and pick over the fruit, boil till soft in water enough to cover it, strain through a sieve, weigh equal quantities of the fruit and sugar, boil gently fifteen or *twenty* minutes, taking care it does not burn. If you follow directions you will have nice jelly.

HARD SAUCE.—Stir to a cream one cup of butter with two cups of powdered sugar, when light beat in the juice of one lemon and two teaspoonfuls of grated nutmeg.

## PUZZLES.

### CHARADES.

(Three words.)

My *first* is a business carried on—
The world, *no doubt*, could spare it,
For grief it brings to many a one,
And guiltless ones must share it.

My *second* is he who the business ten
And of him it may be said,
'Tis pity he cannot make amends
For the ruin his work doth spread.

*Third* is the place where the work is done
In heat and steam and fume;
Far better it ne'er had been begun,
Or drenched men's brains in spume.

### COUNTESS DUFFERIN'S CONUNDRUM.

My first, I hope you are; my second, I see you are; my whole, I know you are.

### DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in lass, though not in boy;
My second is in Talcott, but not in Roy;
My third is in inn, though not in hotel;
My fourth is in hit, though not in fell;
My fifth is in cat, but not in dog;
My sixth is in chicken, but not in hog:
My seventh is in old but not in young,
My eighth is in lauded and not in sung;
My ninth is in Paul and not in Roy;
My tenth is in lass and not in boy;
And now proceed right merrily;
Work out the answer cheerily;
Two names you'll find, I'm sure my friend,
Of him who certain gifts doth send.

### AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

He went to the wood and caught it,
He sat him down and sought it;
Because he could not find it,
Home with him he brought it.

### PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL.

1, 2, 3.

'Tis neither young nor fresh nor new;
In this word you have the clue

4, 5, 6.

This is a sea fish, a kind of whale;
Now look sharp or here you'll fail,

7, 8, 9, 10.

This is solid, obdurate, firm;
To some true hearts apply the term.

11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

On this strand we sometimes walk:
Ride or bathe or lounge and talk.

WHOLE.

A summer resort, but we'll tell no more;
Just take your map and follow the shore.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

LORD MACAULAY'S ENIGMA. Cod.

CHARADES.—1 A pair of bellows. 2. Fore and hind wheels of a coach.

ENIGMATIC AUTHORS. 1 Shakespeare. 2. Homer (hoe-myrh.) 3 Virgil (vurge-lil) 4. Defoe (Dee-foe.) 5. Hawthorne.

GEOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE.—A thrifty lady in a dress of Paramatta, and carrying a Sendalwood fan, went out to buy a new set of China. She had a desire to shine in Society, and sent for her Three Sisters, Florence, Augusta, and Aurora, to aid in her selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from Paris, plates from Berlin, and carved platters from the Alps, she proceeded to order a supper. She bought wheat, figs, grapes, sardines, and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the Wick of the candles troublesome. She called her servant, Ben Nevis, and ordered him to bring her oil from the Sea of Okhotsk. Her carpets were Brussels, her perfumes came from Cologne, her coal from Newcastle, and her knives and forks from Sheffield and Birmingham.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—In the first horizontal row, 2, 9, 4; in the second, 7, 5, 3; in the third, 6, 1, 8.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Annie Jane Kennedy.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, one pound of raisins, one-fourth pound of citron, four-eggs, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one nutmeg, one cup of cream, one teaspoonful of soda.

BLACK FRUIT CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, all kinds of spice, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half cups of currants, and one and one-half cups of raisins. Stir very stiff.

PLAIN SAUCE.—One pint of boiling water one cup of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, one tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly with cold water, and stir into the boiling water.

## THE YAK.

The yak, or grunting ox, derives its name from its very peculiar voice, which sounds much like the grunt of a pig. It is a native of the mountains of Thibet, and, according to Hodson, it inhabits all the loftiest plateaus of High Asia, between the Altai and the Himalayas.

It is capable of domestication, and is liable to extensive permanent varieties, which have probably been occasioned by the climate in which it lives and the work to which it has been put. The noble yak, for example, is a large, handsome animal, holding its head proudly erect, having a large hump, extremely long hair, and a very bushy tail. It is a shy and withal capricious animal, too much disposed to kick with the hind feet and to make threatening demonstrations with the horns, as if it intended to impale the rider. The heavy fringes of hair that decorate the sides of of the yak do not make their appearance until the animal has attained three months of age, the calves being covered with rough curling hair, not unlike that of a black Newfoundland dog. The beautiful white bushy tail of the yak is in great request for various ornamental purposes, and forms quite an important article of commerce. Dyed red, it is formed into those curious tufts that decorate the caps of the Chinese, and when properly mounted in a silver handle, it is used as a fly flapper in India under the name of a chowrie. These tails are carried before certain officers of state, their number indicating his rank.

The plough yak is altogether a more plebeian-looking animal, humble of deportment, carrying its head low, and almost devoid of the magnificent tufts of long silken hairs that fringe the sides of its more aristocratic relation. Their legs are very short in proportion to their bodies, and they are generally tailless, that member having been cut off and sold by their avaricious owner. There is also another variety which is termed the Ghainorik. The color of this animal is black, the back and tail being often white. When overloaded, the yak is accustomed to vent its displeasure by its loud, monotonic, melancholy grunting, which has been known to affect the nerves of unpractised riders to such an extent that they dismounted, after suffering half an hour's infliction of this most lugubrious chant, and performed the remainder of their journey on foot. —*Scientific American.*

THE YAK.

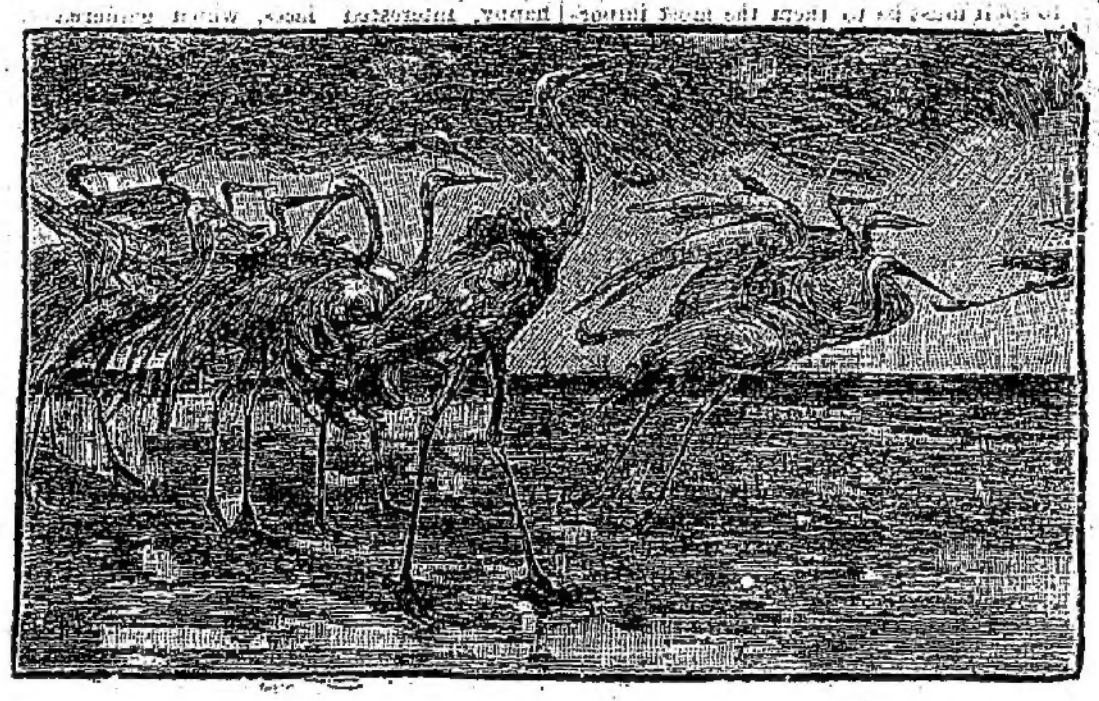
## A SHARK STORY.

It may not be generally known that in that playful marine acrobat, the porpoise, the shark possesses an implacable enemy that will permit no intrusion on its feeding grounds. The writer first learned this fact from two old and experienced fishermen when out on a fishing excursion, one lovely August day, off Swan Beach, New Jersey. It came out in the course of a story, which is here given as it was told in the boat:

"On a fine morning in August, 1867, we started at daylight for this very reef of rocks. With plenty of bait, we looked for four or five hundred-weight of sea-bass, flounders, and blackfish. At first we pulled them up as fast as our lines touched bottom; then we had not a single bite. Surprised, we looked up and around, preparatory to changing our ground. To our astonishment the water was alive with sharks. We commenced pulling up our anchor, when a savage fish rushed to the bow of the boat and bit the rope in two. Then we hoisted sail, but the moment we put the steering oar into the water, several sharks began biting it into pieces. So we were compelled to take in sail and drift. We were in the midst of a school of sharks two miles long and half a mile broad. They were of all sizes, from six feet long to twelve or fourteen. They swarmed around our boat, and dashed it one-third full of water with their tails. We had to bail, one with his hat, and the other with the bait pail. Every moment some big fellow would put his nose almost on our gunwale, while his yellow tiger eye glared ferociously at our pale faces. One shark dashed at the boat and seized one of her side planks and almost shook us out of our seats. Fortunately his teeth broke off, and away he went. In a moment he was devoured by the other sharks. Then the shoal returned to us again.

"We were in despair, and never expected to see shore again. We could not sail, we could not row, and were drifting out to sea. Finally, Charlie said, 'Bill, we are in an awful mess. Let us see if God will help us.' We knelt down, and I prayed for help, confessed our sins, and promised amendment and repentance. We had hardly finished before we saw a great shoal of porpoises. They hurled themselves out of the water, jumping twenty feet at a bound. Soon we were in the midst of them. The sharks started out to sea, but the porpoises were too quick for them. They bit and tore the sharks fearfully. Sometimes three porpoises would have hold of one shark. Then they jumped out of the water and fell heavily on these tigers of the ocean. The fight continued for miles, and we were saved. We rode safely to shore, and by God's mercy became professors of religion. We have respect for porpoises, and believe if they were not so plentiful, the New Jersey shore would swarm with sharks, and then good-bye to fishing and bathing."—*British Workman.*

## QUEER CONVEYANCES.



Our little ones in the country may have smiled to see a chicken mounted on the old hen's back while she sat sunning herself in the yard Perhaps the young thing with few feathers sang a soft "Cree-cree," to tell that he enjoyed his position. At night he would better like to be brooded under the mother wings.

When Biddy got upon her feet and went marching on, off tumbled chick. Now he must use his own legs or be left behind. Those bits of legs may well be weary sometimes with long journeys about the farm.

One or two species of birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs.

Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of large and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop in the water and drown.

Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble, to wait the coming of cranes from the North, as people wait for the train at a railway station.

With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start.

The small birds understand it so. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to flit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes,—those who go and those who stay.

No tickets have they, but all the same they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms.

The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese travelling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way.

By and by they reach the beautiful South country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer-time.

Indeed, God cares for the sparrows.—*Our Little Ones.*

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Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

## CHIMNEYS: THEIR HISTORY.

Chimneys seem so natural to us that we forget that there was a time when they were unknown. They were invented about the same time with clocks and watches. No house in ancient Rome or Athens had them. The Greeks and Romans heated their rooms with hot coals in a dish, or by flues underneath the floor. The smoke passed out by the doors and windows. You could always tell when a Roman was about to give a dinner party by the clouds of smoke that came out of the kitchen windows. It must have been very unpleasant for the cooks, who had to do their work in the midst of it.

The tall chimneys that rise over the tops of the houses in New York and Brooklyn, pouring out their clouds of smoke, would have seemed miracles to our ancestors a few centuries ago. Even the pipe of a steamer or the chimney of a kerosene lamp they would have thought wonderful. In England, in the time of the Conqueror (1066), the fire was built on a clay floor or in a hole or pit in the largest room of the house. The smoke passed through an opening in the roof. At night a cover was placed over the coals Everybody was by law obliged to cover up his fire when the bell rang at a certain hour. In French this was *couvre-feu*, and hence the word "curfew" bell.

Chimneys began to be used generally in England in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. No one knows who invented them, or when they first came into use. We find them first in Italy. In Venice they seem to have been not uncommon as early as 1347. In 1368 they had long been in use at Padua. They were at first built very wide and large, so that they could be easily cleaned. The wide chimney-pieces of some of our older houses are very curious.

But as time passed on chimneys were made taller, narrow, and often crooked. When they had to be cleaned it was customary to send boys up into them to remove the soot and ashes. It was then that the saddest stories were told of the little sweeps who were forced to climb up the narrow flues, and come down torn, bleeding, and covered with soot. These poor creatures, who were often not more than seven or eight years old, were sometimes suffocated in the foul chimneys they attempted to clean. When they reached the top they were expected to look out and give a loud shout. No boy would ever become a chimney-sweep from choice, and they were often driven to climb the chimneys by the fear of a whipping. The cruelty of the master-sweeps was fearful.

The little chimney-sweeper has passed away. His place is taken by a patent broom and a colored operator. Chimneys are built two and three hundred feet high. In Birmingham, England, one fell down recently on a large factory, killing and wounding thirty or forty workmen and others. The tallest chimney in New York is that of the Steam-heating Company.

The chimney is one of the most useful of inventions. We can not well understand how the Greeks and Romans did without it. But with us it is everywhere. Our lamps would never burn without a chimney; our steamboats and engines would be helpless without it; our factories are moved by it; it warms our houses, and gives employment to thousands of people.

In the days before chimneys were invented men lived in clouds of smoke. The walls of the finest palaces in ancient Rome were soon covered with soot and filth. It was impossible to keep them clean. The mosaics and the paintings on the walls soon became discolored. In the castles of England and France it was still worse. Here the huge fire blazed in the centre of the great hall. The smoke covered the roof with black drapery, and the savage knights and squires were forced either to endure the cold, or to live and breathe in an air that was dangerous to sight, health, and life itself.—*Harper's Young People.*

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## THE SWEARER REPROVED BY A CHILD.

Some little children were sitting one day on the steps of a door singing, as they often do, some of their favorite hymns. They were suddenly surprised by a half-drunken man, who came up to them, and, uttering an oath, said—

"Does your master teach you nothing but singing those foolish hymns?"

"Yes," said a sharp little fellow, about six years of age; "he tells us it is wicked to swear."

The poor worthless man seemed ashamed of his conduct, and passed on without further remark.

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## THE RESTORED TEETH.

In the *Messenger* of Nov. 1st, it will be remembered, were given a number of sacred pictures offered by the Japanese to their gods in gratitude for their deliverance from some evil. One of these pictures with its story was crowded out of that number and we give it now.

This woman and her husband have suffered terribly from toothache. The softest food made them jump with pain. But, thanks to their gods, they have not only recovered, but are so strong in their mouths that they can hold between the teeth, without a pang, a four-pronged anchor of a Japanese junk. Why the husband has painted only his wife with this trial in her mouth we cannot tell.

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BE NOT simply good—be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

THE RESTORED TEETH.

## The Family Circle.

### THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS, D. D.

### PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

"There are two G's," said Grandpa Evans.

And immediately a *flock of boys* and girls were seen moving in the direction of his arm-chair.

"I know!" cried Allan, always the first to speak; "grandpa and grandma! that's what they stand for?"

"Hurrah for the two G's!" shouted little Jim, climbing on the arm of the chair.

"'Gentle grandma,' I say!" was Gracie's guess, as she wheeled the old lady's chair closer to the fire, and saw her comfortably seated in it.

"You're pretty quick at guessing, children; but you haven't come near it, yet!" said grandpa, laughing at the group of eager faces. "My two G's belong to Christmas time!"

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Robert; "now I know! goodies, and—and——"

"Come, Rob! keep quiet, and let grandpa tell."

"Is it a story?" asked little Jim, looking rather puzzled.

"No; you are to make the story out of my two G's, between now and Christmas night. Then you are to come and tell me which of the two G's you *think* is best."

"All of us?"

"Yes."

"Oh, what fun! Two G's for Christmas! Now, grandpa, what are they please?" cried impatient Allan.

"Are *you* all ready to hear?" asked the old gentleman adjusting his glasses carefully and counting the various rosy faces clustered near him; not neglecting to cast a final glance at the sweet, placid countenance of grandma, to find the sympathy and encouragement there, which had never failed him in all the long years they had spent together.

It was a pretty picture, as the firelight played across the group; the bright-eyed, eager children, fresh with youth and health; the white-haired grand-parents, full of years and experience, yet very much like the young ones, in their simplicity and enjoyment of little things.

"About Holiday time," said grandpa, "and especially at Christmas, one of my G's is in constant use. It is repeated here and there and everywhere, by boys and girls in particular. Sometimes, as I have listened, it seemed as if the word which that G began to spell must be to them the most important word in the language! And yet I knew, if it were, their lives would always be unhappy, and they would lose half the pleasure God meant them to have in this world. My two G's are giving and getting. Now, I know very well that some of you young students of fine English may find fault with one of my words and tell me it would be more correct to say 'giving and receiving.' You are right, no doubt, but I am using the word now as I have heard boys and girls use it—and grown people too; because I think I can teach you my lesson better in this way. These are the questions which I hear at every Christmas season, over and over: 'What did you get for your Christmas?' 'What did you get in your stocking?' 'What did you get off the tree?' 'What did you get?' so many times that I begin to believe that getting is the biggest G in the dictionary! Isn't it so, my children?"

*Not one could deny it!* They knew that the question would be sounded, on every side, that very coming Christmas—only two weeks off now—in the nursery, on the street, even in Sunday-school!

"Of course, grandpa! it's very natural to ask each other what presents we have had. We all get something!"

"Yes, it is 'very natural.' But sometimes I wish that boys and girls would learn to use the other G more and find out what a pleasant sound it has. Suppose that from now until Christmas we should hear boys and girls whispering every-where such sentences as these; 'What shall we give those poor children around in —— street for Christmas?' 'Let's try to give lame Sallie Gray something nice for Christmas! I don't believe she ever has much.' 'I am going to give something to every poor child I know; because it's so pleasant to give, and we ought to!'"

Grandpa imitated the various tones of the children so exactly, that mother, who was just coming in the door, wondered who was there; and the young folks were delighted.

"Half the people in the world—boys and girls in particular—do not enjoy life as they might, just because they use one G so much, and forget about the other. I want my young people to learn to use the beautiful G now, so that their whole lives may be made happy."

"Musn't we say the other G at all?" asked little Jim, with a sorrowful sound in his voice which made them all laugh.

"Oh, yes, little one. You will have chances enough for that. *Only don't think* about that G all the time. See, all of you how much you can do with the other one during these two weeks. And on Christmas night, if our lives are spared, let us meet together here, by grandpa's chair, and talk it over."

"We'll have a big G, and a little g!" said Allan, quite ready to begin his plans.

And all the young people were agreed.

"Only don't make a mistake," said grandpa, "and spell the wrong word with the big G!"

"Give with a big G; and get with a little one!" announced Rob, as the tea-bell rang, and mother was standing at the door!

Then there was a great scattering, and a tumult of young voices, as they wanted to find out if mother had "heard."

"Big G is generally a quiet worker, isn't he?" said father, after a while.

"He ought to be," answered grandpa, shaking his head at the children.

Then mother told them that she would be ready to help any one who was in earnest with the new plan, but couldn't quite manage alone. After that the young folks were more quiet, and grandpa and father had an opportunity to talk "polly-ticks," as little Jim said.

Never, in that family, was known such a busy time as the two weeks before Christmas!

The children were "out of the way" so much, that cook declared the kitchen was "lonesome-like." There were visits to the attic in which the boys and girls were almost as quiet as the mice there. Gracie's fingers and Nell's did never before such nimble work with their needles, under mother's direction. And the wondrous array of games and toys, which had been discarded for new ones, grew daily smaller and smaller, as the plans grew larger; and when something "'most as good as new" was found, what rejoicing there was! Best of all, were the happy, interested faces, which gathered about the table, when each day was over! And if some young fingers were unusually busy under the gaslight, nobody asked troublesome questions.

Swiftly the days passed; and "merry Christmas" came—for the first time in their young lives—quickly enough for these boys and girls. Ah! what a difference it makes when we have something to do for other people! There is no tedious waiting-time then! Many secrets escaped before the day was over; because, every now and then, Katy would put her face in from the kitchen to say, "Some one's here to thank the dear young ladies and gintlemen for the beautiful things!" or, "The poor widow's after thanking the young people for the presents!" and each time she was chased away so quickly by the boys and girls that, had it not been Christmas-day—when no one could be vexed—her dignity would certainly have been offended!

But when the merry day was over, and the candles were burning out, grandpa said, "Now, my children, which of the G's do you like best?"

There was not a hesitating voice. "Why the big G is the best, to be sure, grandpa!"

"G for giving!—why it's ever so much better than g for getting! I never knew how nice it is to give!"

Little by little grandpa heard it all, as mother helped the bashful young folks tell what they had done, with the "big G" as their letter-guide. A great many of their own warm clothes were mended and fixed over, and some new ones made for poor little ones whom mother knew to be in great need. Gracie had coaxed Katie to add some doughnuts and other good things to these. And at least half a dozen dolls, which she and Nell had laid aside, had been newly-dressed and made to look very pretty for poor little girls, whose eyes had sparkled at the sight. Allan's genius for mending and making had worked wonders among the toys, so that many a poor child, who expected nothing, was made glad on that Christmas morning.

Neither grandpa nor grandma, nor any of the home dear ones, had been forgotten; yet all these had been added by earnest effort and good will.

How pleasant it was to hear mother tell of it all! It was the kind of enjoyment which lasted! That was just what grandpa had told them. And he said, "You have done well, my children! Now, I will tell you what makes the big G such a beautiful and wonderful letter. It stands for the Gift—the best of all gifts—which was given to us on the first Christmas-day long ago. God gave his only begotten Son to us, to be our Saviour; that Gift made this day such a glad day to us, and that is why giving should be our great Christmas pleasure. Giving, with true love in our hearts, makes us like God. Now, my dears, keep the big 'G' in its right place all through your lives, and God himself will see to it that the little g is not crowded out!"

Then the children kissed grandpa and thanked him for his lesson, and they went to bed feeling sure that it was the happiest Christmas they had ever spent.—*N. Y. Observer.*

### HINTS ON CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

BY BLANCHE L MACDONELL.

The custom of decorating our churches for Christmas, though now so widely prevalent among all denominations of Christians, had originally a heathen origin. The mistletoe, a special symbol of Christmas, was accounted sacred to Odin and possessed wonderful charms for the ancient Druids. It was reaped by a consecrated priest with a golden sickle, and carried in solemn procession upon a white ox. The holly was also held sacred by the Druids. Though "Merrie Christmas" was celebrated with great pomp and hilarity in England in old times, in modern days its observance had rather fallen into oblivion, and by many credit is given to the late Charles Dickens for having in a great measure revived among English speaking nations the spirit of charity, kindliness, and friendly rejoicing, which constitutes the real spirit of Christmas. Before the revival of ecclesiastical art, which so soon followed upon the Tractarian movement, our church decorations was of the roughest kind; but we have now rushed into an opposite extreme, and each year our church and home decoration become more profuse and, unfortunately, more costly. I have endeavored in this brief article to give a few hints upon the more simple and inexpensive modes of Christmas decoration, which are often also the most beautiful.

In decorations of all kinds it is necessary to keep in view a few simple rules:

First, form a plan of what you wish to accomplish and adhere to it closely. If you set to work in a hazy, haphazard fashion, the general effect will most likely be unequal. Procure all the materials you will require, and have them at hand before you commence; thus avoiding confusion and loss of time. Paper, cardboard, moss, string, wire, and strong glue, should all be provided ready.

Study appropriateness without which there can be no beauty. However admirable ornamentation may be in itself, it can only be really beautiful when in harmony with its surroundings. The massive greenery which would be adapted to the lofty proportions of a large church would appear heavy in the more limited space of a small chapel; a large hall demands a different style of decoration from a small parlor.

For home decorations it is advisable to aim at grace, lightness and elegance. Beauty does not consist in quantity, and an over-profuse use of decoration is most unfortunate in effect. Avoid overcrowding, which is the bane of most amateur artistic effort. Many persons believe that, because a thing is intrinsically beautiful, the number of articles of the same description grouped together the better. It is a mistaken idea. Space and neutral background are absolutely essential in order to show the beauties of any object to perfection.

Greenery can always be purchased ready for use. For the festoons of arches, the wreathing of pillars in a church, this is not too cumbersome, though for ordinary home decoration it is rather heavy. It is, however, easy to take it apart and reconstruct it into lighter wreaths. Garlands and wreaths should never be made too thick, or the effect will be heavy and gloomy. Lovely garlands can be made by stitching leaves on a length of dark green tape, half an inch or one or two inches broad, according to the size of the leaves. Lay one leaf on the braid and fasten it with a stitch, then place another leaf under the braid, the point reaching under the leaf already attached, and fasten securely. Another leaf placed above, its point as far from the base of the first as the breadth of the braid, and again another under, neatly fastened; thus you have a solid wreath sightly on both surfaces. Autumn leaves arranged in this fashion make a charming decoration. Colored grasses and flowers mixed with the greenery are very effective. For a pier glass, or any article of furniture likely to be injured by nails, use thin laths of wood of the requisite size to support your greenery in order to prevent contact with the gilt frame. For a mirror, a long trailing vine, short in the middle, longer at the sides, or a drooping garland of delicate, graceful greenery, is admirable, and the reflection in the glass multiplies its beauties. When the wreaths are light they may be attached by strong pins instead of nails, and the marks are less objectionable. For a chandelier, use only very light materials. Fern leaves sewed upon a length of green tape, or a delicate wreath of ivy, with some of the leaves frosted, mingled with bright everlastings and dyed grasses, is very graceful. For picture frames, long wreaths of single leaves give a more elegant effect than heavy masses of greenery.

To crystallize a wreath, first make up the wreath and then dip it into a solution of alum and water. Allow one pound of alum to two quarts of boiling water. Allow the wreath to remain in for a few moments, and then suspend it above the basin that it may drip. Large and beautiful crystals are thus formed, which catch and reflect the light in a hundred rainbow hues. Bare branches and twigs dipped in alum are very lovely, and may be suspended from chandeliers or mixed with greenery with the happiest results. The effect of frost and snow can be easily obtained. White wadding answers very well for the flat back-ground, but for any object standing out, the soft wool, usually termed "jeweller's cotton" is much the best. Let the wool first be tied on with thread, all over the top edges or wherever snow would be likely to lodge. In order to look as natural as

possible, it should be pulled out and allowed to hang down in projecting points and masses. On branches and leaves the effect of snow may be obtained by coating them with strong, colorless gum, and then sprinkling them thickly with flour. For frost, drop gum upon the wool wherever frost would naturally form, and sprinkle coarse Epsom salts upon it. Frosted glass, ready crushed, can be purchased from the chemist for the same purpose. A more inexpensive mode is to break glass bottles, and then crush them with a heavy roller; the effect is lovely, as they glitter and sparkle beautifully.

Mottoes are greatly used in decoration, and if tastefully arranged produce the happiest effects. Nothing can be more artistic than the illuminated mottoes which can be painted at home or purchased in beautiful designs. For scrolls, thin deals, strong paste-board or, best of all for illuminating purposes, zinc plates form the best foundation. For the back-ground, Turkey red twill, Canton flannel, or glazed linen can be used and where the motto is placed high up paper does equally well. A deep red is a good tint for the back ground, but your selection of color, both for background and letters, must necessarily depend upon the surroundings amidst which your motto is to be placed. Against old oak panelling a light shade goes best; not white, which would present too violent a contrast, but a pale gray with a crimson edge. The letters might then be boldly relieved with black. For stonework, red is the most telling. With very dark green, pale blue is charming. When the walls and draperies are very dark, as is so much the fashion at present, the most brilliant effects in mottoes are permissible. In hanging mottoes and scrolls be careful not to hang them too high; if they are not suspended within the range of vision, and require an effort to decipher their meaning, much of the beauty of design is lost.

The letters and bordering are first cut out in strong cardboard and then ornamented in various ways. The smaller the letters the more simple should they be in design; antique or fancy characters are only desirable in a very large size, and when the motto is to be hung very low. It is important that all the letters should be exactly of a size. Cut a number of pieces of cardboard the same size; if one is used for each letter, the proportions of all will be precisely alike. The border of a motto should never be so obtrusive as to divert attention from the sentiment which it frames. A double or treble row of leaves makes a pretty border; each leaf must overlap and conceal the stalk of the preceding one. Broken walnut shells, sprinkled upon a coating of strong, colorless gum, also make a good bordering; looking, if skilfully arranged, like an edging of carved wood. Ivy or delicate fern leaves can also be utilized as a border; indeed it may be said of both letters and bordering that they are as numerous as individual taste can plan or individual skill can execute. It may be added that the more simple the design the more effective it usually is.

Moss sewed on in tufts, and arranged with the fingers until the surface looks uniformly covered, forms a pretty foundation for flowers, everlastings, or letters of straw or scarlet berries. Pretty letters in imitation of coral are made by coating the shapes with colorless gum and sprinkling them with rice or tapioca and painting them red. They will require at least two coatings, and the first should be allowed to dry perfectly before the second is added. Letters with very small leaves sewed over them look well, but it is a tedious task, as they must first be covered with paper or cloth. Very lovely silvery letters can be made of tinfoil. Cut out the shape of the letter in tinfoil, but considerably larger than the foundation letter, crumple it in the hand until it is well creased, then place it lightly over the card letter and fasten it at the back. Letters of white wool, canton flannel, or cotton batting are very effective upon a crimson background. Paste the card letters upon sheets of the best white wadding. The flat side of the wadding adheres to the pasted side of the letters so that you can cut the wadding out the clear shape of the paper. The effect is as if the letters were formed of snow. A narrow edge of delicate green to the white letters is sometimes considered an improvement. Letters of all kinds can be frosted in the same manner as wreaths and garlands, with flour, glass, or Epsom salts sprinkled upon gum. A motto in the shape of a scroll, in white wadding, edged with frosted leaves, with letters of pressed ferns bent into shape, is exceedingly attractive, as is also one with a background of pale green cambric, edged with dark green leaves, the letters composed of bright crimson everlastings. Silver letters are charming upon pale blue, dull green, or deep red; letters covered with crimson velvet are effective upon old gold sateen. Small banners can also be utilized in Christmas decoration. In these modern days so many persons paint tastefully that no directions are required for their construction except that they should be appropriate in character and sentiment, and there are so many designs from which to choose that individual taste can alone direct a selection.—*Christian Union.*

## WHAT MOLLIE DID FOR JESUS.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Chambermaid in a large boarding-house, what could she do for the Master? Listen and you will learn. Besides the unconscious influence which the purity and consistency of her daily life exerted, she faithfully used every occasion which presented itself, striving to make each word, each act of life, tell for Jesus. Every evening which she could call her own she spent in a house situated a short distance from the boarding-house where she worked. A poor decrepit widow occupied a room in this house, and was quite willing that Mollie should gather all the little girls of the neighborhood in it "of an evening," and whenever it was Mollie's "afternoon out," while she tried to assist in the work of teaching the wretched little creatures to read and sew.

It would be difficult to imagine, unless, indeed, you have seen the experiment tried, how much good was accomplished by means so humble and unpretending. The children soon began to take an interest in keeping themselves tidy, and used what influence they possessed at home to induce their parents to try and keep the miserable places as comfortable as they could, and in some cases succeeding too.

But one thing more Mollie wanted—that was to supply the poor children with comfortable clothing and with Bibles. She made this subject, as, indeed, every other, a subject of earnest prayer. Finally she made her wants known to a lady boarder in whose wisdom and Christian principle she had perfect confidence. This lady was much surprised upon learning how great a work Mollie had already accomplished, and did not rest until she had interested all her friends in this good girl and her work. The result exceeded Mollie's highest dreams. A sum of money was soon placed in her hands sufficiently large to admit of the purchase of clothing and Bibles, and yet leave enough with which to buy food and medicine for those needing such things. Happy indeed was our good Mollie now, for she could relieve the suffering for which a kind word had been almost her only gift. Nor was this the end of her labor of love; for, through the lady to whom she had first appealed, her work and character became known to others, who made Mollie the almoner of their bounty and finally succeeded in starting an industrial school in the very neighborhood which had been so long the scene of her unpretending labors. Of this school Mollie became the matron, and oh, with what a grateful heart did she watch over her flock of poor little waifs! As she had been faithful in the tiny room where she met the children of want and sorow, so now she strove to be still more so in her enlarged sphere of usefulness.

Verily, she had her reward in seeing so many of the children committed to her charge go forth from her teaching to wage war against the enemies of truth and goodness, to labor for the Lord with soul and might; and when they had accomplished great results and had become powers for good in the world, what joy filled the humble Mollie's heart upon being told that she was the first person who had inspired them with high resolves and holy aspirations—that but for her and her efforts in their behalf, they would have remained to the end sunk in degradation and vice. Verily, God's pay is always sure, always safe.—*American Messenger.*

## WHAT A MODEST REBUKE DID.

We are told that the Christian training of a Scotch boy, who never afterwards attained any high position, and whose very name is now forgotten, was the real beginning of the mighty spiritual movement that, early in the present century, in the hands of five great and godly men, saved to the world the fruits of the Reformation.

This Highland boy grew up strong in reverent faith and earnest practice of his early gospel lessons, and served many years as a marine in the British navy.

Once during a fearful battle at sea, his commander Captain James Haldane, became enraged at the momentary quailing of the gunners, and with an awful curse wished them all in everlasting perdition. Our Highland sailor, shocked beyond measure at such profanity, touched his cap, and said solemnly:

"Captain Haldane, God hears prayer; if He should answer that, where would we be?"

However the words may have affected the excited commander at the time, when the battle was over they fastened on him with resistless power. The thoughts they awoke within him melted his rough nature into penitence, and led him at length to give his heart and his whole life to the service of Christ. Through his influence, his infidel brother, Robert Haldane, became as decided a Christian as himself. James and Robert began to labor for the good of men, and the two were among the most powerful and influential preachers of their time.

Robert removed to Switzerland and while working in Geneva, where the Protestant faith and doctrines were in a decline, he was the means of awakening to a new religious life three young students, Felix Neff, Henry Pyt, and Merle D'Aubigne. The grand zeal and self denying labors of these men brought back to Geneva, and to Europe, the glory of the Church of Christ, which the successors of Luther and Melancthon had suffered to grow dim.

The name of D'Aubigne, the historian of the Reformation, is almost as familiar as a household word. As the author of those immortal volumes, and as president of the most important Protestant theological school of Europe, he stands second to few in the roll of sacred fame.

One is almost amazed at the thought, but that for the poor boy, trained in the Highlands at his mother's knee to the reverence for God and love of his Saviour which prompted him to reprove a profane sea captain, the world would have had no Merle D'Aubigne.

Add what parents can know of how much good they deprive mankind when they neglect such pious education of their children? —*Sentinel.*

## JACK'S SCAR.

BY MARY CLARK JOHNSON.

Almost every boy has some kind of a scar. Theodore has a scar upon his cheek, made by falling against the stove; Albert a scar upon his foot, cut with a hatchet; Franklin a scar on his shoulder, where a horse, named Lucy Lolly, bit him; but Jack's scar is not like these.

I heard about Jack's scar at the prayer-meeting last night, and a voice in my heart whispered, "Tell that story to all the boys you know."

Though, to be sure, Jack is not a little boy. He is a young man; a conductor on a railway train.

A great railway has its headquarters in our town, so almost everybody is either at work for the railway company *himself*, or else he has a father, or a brother, or a cousin who is.

Last week a conductor was killed,—somebody is killed nearly every week. While Jack, with a group of his comrades, stood sadly talking about the conductor's death, one of their number, a Christian gentleman, remarked: "*There is hardly a man in the* railway service but has been in some way hurt—carries some scar." Whereupon Jack proudly replied that he had been in the employ of the railway company for years, and he had never been hurt,—he carried no scar; and, to make his statement stronger, he used some very wicked words; for, alas, alas! Jack had learned to swear.

The gentleman looked sorrowfully at the young man. He knew his history; knew that Jack had not been brought up to swear, but that he had kept company with profane boys and men until he had fallen into the habit almost unconsciously, scarcely knowing when he did swear. The comrade thought of all this, then said earnestly: "Jack, you do carry a scar." But Jack again asserted with an oath that he did not; he was very positive there was no scar upon him. "Ah, Jack, Jack!" answered the Christian friend, "you have a bad scar—in your mouth!"

And girls, too, sometimes have ugly scars. I know a lady who says she has a scar on her heart, made by listening to some bad stories one day, when she was a girl at school.

Dear boys and girls, you may not be able to prevent the scars of accidents upon hands and faces, but I implore you to strive earnestly, all the time, fervently seeking the help of the Saviour, to keep your mouths and hearts free from the scars of sin.—*S. S. Times.*

*If You Want knowledge, you must toil* for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.—*Ruskin.*

There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire
While the beautiful sing,
And the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a King.

—*J. G. Holland.*

## Question Corner.—No. 24.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. A besieged people willing to surrender desired the terms. What were the base and barbarous conditions offered and by whom?

2. Under what circumstances were men, *faint with hunger, afraid to taste honey* which was abundant in the woods where *they were?*

3. Who disguised himself and accompanied by two servants went to have his fortune told?

4. What man was slain while taking his noonday nap?

5. Who saved the life of her nephew by hiding him and his nurse in the temple *from the murderous malice of his grand*mother? Name the three.

### OUR WONDERFUL HOUSE.

A wonderful house have I,
That God has made for me,
With windows to see the sky,
And keepers strong and free.

The door has a tuneful harp,
A mill to grind my bread,
And there is a golden bowl,
A beautiful silver thread.

A fountain is in the house;
A pitcher lies at hand,
And strong men God has given
To bear me o'er the land.

The keepers must work for God;
The harp must sing his praise:
The windows look to heaven;
The strong men walk his ways.

And when this house shall fall,
And death at last shall come,
The good have a better house
Above in Jesus' home.

### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

1. Benjamin. Gen. xxxv. 18.
2. Eliphaz. Job iv. 1.
3. Oil. Ex. xxx. 23, 33.
4. Follow me. Matt. iv. 19.
5. Goliath. 1 Sam. xvii. 4.
6. Offering. Hebrews x. 14.
7. Onion. Num. xi. 5.
8. Dove. Gen. viii. 8, 9.
9. Calf. Luke xii. 23.
10. Hosannah Matt. xxi 9.
11. Eli. 1 Sam. ii. 27, 33.
12. Eden. Gen. ii.
13. Rain. Matt. v. 45.

Be of good cheer. John xvi. 33.

### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Cora M. McIntire, and Clara E. Folsom.

(Continued from first page.)

believed him to be about sixty years old. He was buried at midnight near the cemetery of Saint Paul.

When the Bastile was destroyed, the room he had occupied was eagerly searched; but the furniture had been burned, the ceiling and casements destroyed, and also everything on which he could have made any record of his life. Neither did the prison books reveal any item of importance. Every means had been taken to keep his identity in the dark forever.

Who could this distinguished personage have been, styled in history "The Man of the Iron Mask?"

By many he is supposed to be a son of Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, and consequently a half brother of Louis XIV. Some writers think him of less importance.

There are also reasons for supposing the Iron Mask to have been a twin brother of the king. An old prophecy had foretold misfortune to the Bourbon family in the event of a double birth, and to escape this it is possible Louis XIII. concealed the existence of the last born of the twins, by consigning him to a dungeon, and hiding his features which may have closely resembled Louis XIV., his brother.

It is certain, every one in possession of the secret died without disclosing it; and who the Man of the Iron Mask was will ever remain a mystery.—*Sarah F. Brigham.*

## WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Wycliffe died in 1384. Just about a hundred years afterwards William Tyndale was born. He it was who gave to his nation the priceless treasure of which it had been so long in need.

It seems that when he was a very young man, a student at Oxford, he made up his mind first to translate the Bible into English, then to print it and supply it to his countrymen. This became his one idea, his ruling purpose, and he carried it out, although he had to give his own life as a forfeit.

After studying at Oxford and at Cambridge he became tutor in the house of a wealthy gentleman who lived near Bristol. Here he went on with the work of translation which he had already begun, and here he had so many disputes concerning the Scriptures with the abbots and deans and others who were accustomed to visit his employer, that they at length ceased coming. They preferred, it is said, "the loss of Squire Welch's good cheer to the sour sauce of Master Tyndale's company."

After a time, "Master Tyndale," fearing to get his kind patron into trouble, went off to London. He hoped to have help in his work from the bishop of that great city, whom he had reason to suppose favorable to his plan. He was disappointed in this, however, and after remaining some time in London he began to fear that it would be unsafe for him to stay any longer in England, lest his translating should be interrupted. So he borrowed ten pounds of a friend and sailed for Hamburg, where he was able to finish, or nearly finish, his translation of the New Testament.

After that he went to Cologne, where there were celebrated printing-presses, and where he expected to get his book printed. Again he was disappointed, for John Cochlæus, a famous enemy of the truth, followed him to that city, found out where the printing was going on, and probably would have got possession of the Testament had not Tyndale fled with it to Worms. Here he was successful in printing two editions. These were secretly carried into England by merchants, who hid them in their bales and packages of goods. That was a sort of smuggling for which they have been honored ever since.

The books made a great stir in England. They were eagerly bought and read by the people, and as eagerly fought against by the abbots and bishops, who soon discovered their existence. The bishop of London sent a merchant named Packington to buy up all that remained in Tyndale's possession saying:

"Gentle Master Packington do your diligence and get them, and I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you: for the books are naughty, and I intend surely to destroy them all, and to burn them at Paul's cross."

Tyndale, although he knew what they were wanted for, willingly sold them, for he said:

"I shall gette moneye of him for these bookes to bryng myself out of debt, and the whole world shall cry out at the burninge of God's Worde, and the overplus of the moneye that shall remain to me shall make me more studious, to correct againe, and newly to imprint the same."

This he accordingly did, and printed not only "the same" but also the five books of Moses and some of his own writings beside, indeed, he went on issuing edition after edition of the New Testament, and afterward of a larger part of the Bible, with a perseverance that was most remarkable.

The King of England, Henry the Eighth, was persuaded to issue a decree commanding that all of Tyndale's books should be burned, and from that time Bible-burning became the order of the day, in a land from which Bibles are now sent out all over the earth.

From burning the books the priests and prelates proceeded to the burning of some of those who loved them, and after a while it was thought necessary to secure Tyndale himself.

"If we can only destroy him," his enemies reasoned, "we will stop the publication of these dreadful books which make the people think that they know more than we, their old masters and teachers."

The priests reasoned wrongly. They could take the life of the man whom they hated, but they could not destroy the effect of his work. The Bible had found a home in the hearts of the people, and they would not let it be taken from them.

After several vain attempts to imprison Tyndale, he was at length secured by treachery. A man named Philips, who was entirely without principle, was sent by the English Government to Antwerp, where Tyndale was then living. He pretended to be very friendly to the Reformer, boarded in the same house with him, talked with him, ate with him, and at length when his plans were all laid, first borrowed a sum of money from him, then accepted an invitation to dinner, and, on the way to the place where they were to dine, had him arrested by men who were in waiting.

Tyndale lingered for a time in prison, but in the year 1536 he was burned at the stake for the crime of having translated and printed the Bible.

His dying prayer was: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply.

"That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar.

"The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar, is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are not trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry, and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform, your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.—*S. S. Times.*

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.

REVIEW.

Dec. 30, 1883.] (1 Sam. 4:1-7:1; 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"But God is the Judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another."—Ps. 75:7.

### REVIEW OUTLINE.

The First Book of Samuel—from which the lessons of this quarter are taken—contains the history of the Israelites from the birth Samuel to the death of Saul. At the beginning of this period Eli was both high priest and judge. He resided at the tabernacle in Shiloh, and in his old age was assisted in the discharge of his duties by his two sons. During his administration Samuel was born. Consecrated to the Lord by his pious mother from his birth, he was early given into the care of Eli, and began to assist in the services of the sanctuary. When he was only twelve years old, he was called to the prophetic office and received his first message from the Lord, foretelling the judgments which were soon to be sent upon Eli and his sons. In fulfilment of these predictions, the Philistines invade the land. The Israelites, defeated in the first attack, send for the ark of the covenant, hoping that its presence in their camp will bring them victory. At first the Philistines are dismayed, but they soon rally, and repulse the Israelites with great slaughter. The ark is taken, and Hophni and Phinehas, the sons of Eli, are slain. On hearing the tidings, Eli falls from his chair and breaks his neck, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. The Philistines carry the captured ark to Ashdod and place it in the temple of Dagon, their god. The idol is broken in pieces before it, plagues and judgments fall upon the people, until, after seven months, they are glad to return it to the Israelites, who take it to Kirjath-jearim, where it remained until the time of David, who removed it to Jerusalem.

After twenty years, the Israelites, by Samuel's persuasion, are brought to repentance; the Lord delivers them from the invasion of the Philistines, and a season of peace and prosperity follows.

Samuel in his old age makes his sons his assistants in the government. On account of their mismanagement, the Israelites require a king. God in his wrath gives them their request. Saul, the son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin, is privately anointed by Samuel, and afterward publicly chosen by lot at Mizpeh.

Soon after, Jabesh-gilead is besieged by Nahash, king of the Ammonites. Saul defeats the besiegers with great slaughter and delivers the city, and all Israel, coming together at Gilgal, again proclaim him king. Samuel delivers his farewell to the people and retires from all active part in the government.

Saul now attempts the complete delivery of his people. He is successful in his campaigns against the Philistines, and rises to great power. At a later period the Lord sends him against the Amalekites with a command to destroy them utterly. He disobeys this command, and in consequence thereof God declares his purpose of removing him from the throne. The rest of his life is one long tragedy. Samuel, by the by the command of God, privately anoints David to be king in his stead. Saul, abandoned by the Spirit, sinks into melancholy. David is sent for to soothe and cheer him by playing upon the harp. Henceforth their lives are blended together.

The Philistines again invade the Israelites, and Saul raises an army to meet the invaders. Goliath of Gath, a giant, insults the whole army and challenges any man to meet him in single combat. David accepts the challenge, and kills the champion of the Philistines. At first he is honored by Saul, but soon the king's jealousy is aroused: and a long series of persecutions follows. Jonathan, the king's son, becomes tenderly attached to David, and often tries in vain to remove his father's hatred.

All this time David pursues a wise and loyal course. Twice having Saul in his power he forbears to hurt him. The power of the monarchy decreases as the madness of the monarch increases. The Philistines re-enter the territory of Israel, and threaten a sweeping destruction. Saul marches against them with a strong force, but with the despair of one who knows that his doom is sealed. The armies join in battle the Israelites are utterly routed; the three sons of Saul are slain; th king himself ends his l y lling on his sword. The Philistines strip and behead him, and expose his body, with the bodies of his sons, on the walls Bethshan. Valiant men of Jabesh-gilead rescue them by night, and burn and bury them at Jabesh. After some years David removes the remains and places them in the sepulchre of their fathers in Zelah of Benjamin.

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The premiums of pictures which we gave last year to the workers for the *Northern Messenger* having afforded universal satisfaction to their recipients, we shall repeat such premiums this season.

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